

THE WORLD.

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mail matter.

Here's a "High-Water Mark."

The Actual Bone-Fide Number
of "The World" Printed and Sold
Wednesday Nov. 7, 1888, Was

580,205.

J. B. McGuffin,
Supt. of Mail and Delivery Dept.
W. H. Newman,
Foreman Press-Room.
Personally appeared before me this 8th day of
November, 1888, J. B. McGuffin, Superintendent
of Mail and Delivery Department, and
W. H. Newman, Foreman Press-Room of THE
WORLD, who, being sworn, do depose and say
that the foregoing statement is true and correct.
JOHN D. AUSTIN,
Commissioner of Deeds.A Record Never Before Achieved
by an American Newspaper.

THE BIGGEST NUISANCE.

THE EVENING WORLD having discontinued
its interesting correspondence on the ques-
tion of the use of its readers would make
of wealth if they should suddenly become mil-
lionaires, now invites letters on "The Biggest
Nuisance and Its Remedy."
This opens up a prolific subject, and it is
discussed in a likely to prove practically
beneficial. There are many nuisances
in existence, and when a number
of brains among THE EVENING WORLD'S
multitude of readers are devoted to their
exposure and to suggestions for their
removal, it would be singular if some valu-
able information should not be the result.
So we cordially invite our friends to reflect
on what they would consider the greatest
nuisance in existence, and the most effective
method for its removal, and to let us have
the result of their cogitations.

WHY NOT BE HONEST?

Mr. ABRAHAM S. HEWITT is now Mayor of
New York. He has manifested an eager de-
sire to continue Mayor, but the people have
put their veto on his ambition. He professed
to wish to continue in his present position in
the interest of good government.If Mr. Hewitt is sincere in this latter
avowal, he has an opportunity to prove it
now. The Commissioners of Accounts are
notoriously seeking to protect and cover up
gross irregularities and proceedings that
savor of corruption in the City Record
office, now undergoing investigation by the
Senate Finance Committee. Why does not
Mr. Hewitt stop this supercilious zeal on
the part of his Commissioners of Ac-
counts, who are wholly under his control,
and aid in eliciting the truth about the
jobbing office?At the present moment orders for station-
ery, blank books and printing are being given
out that will swallow up two-thirds of the
shamefully prodigal appropriation for the
City Record office for next year. Mr. Hewitt
knows that it is not in the interest of the city
to allow this money to be expended by an
official under suspicion and charges of mal-
administration and to be mainly paid to a
disgraced Excise Commissioner. Why does
he not at once remove Mr. CORTLAND, which
he can do at a day's notice, and put the ex-
penditure of next year's appropriation in
trustworthy hands?Is Mayor Hewitt anxious to close his term
in disgrace?

WHITE HOUSE TOADYISM.

The irrepressible Jenkins is busy in laying
the foundation for milkop sensationalism at
the White House during the next Presi-
dential term. This time it is to be a plagiarism
from "Tad" LINCOLN. We are told that the
"bone" of the Presidential mansion for four
years after next day of March is to be the
grandson of President-elect HARRISON, "Lit-
tle Ben." This juvenile hero is the son of
Mrs. McKee, a "blue-eyed, round-cheeked,
fair-haired youngster" of eighteen months
old, "the picture of his grandfather."No doubt little Ben is a very nice boy
when he has not got the colic and is not
cutting a tooth. No doubt his grandfather
pats him, as he ought to do. But this idea
of manufacturing wonderful infants and beau-
tiful women for a Presidential term, who pass
away into ordinary life at the close of four,
or at most eight, years, is the most stupid
kind of toadyism, and should not be en-
couraged.The plain fact is that a reputable, united
and happy American family is to occupy the
White House for the next four years. It will
probably be some time before that official
residence has at its head a more attractive
lady than has ruled over its domestic affairs
for a portion of Mr. CLEVELAND's term. But
the ladies of Gen. HARRISON's family are re-
fined and amiable, and in point of personal
charms, the wife of the Vice-President-elect,
Mrs. Lavinia P. Morton, will not compare un-
favorably with any of the beauties Washing-
ton has boasted for many years past.

THE NEXT POPULAR DISCUSSION.

"The Biggest Nuisance—and How It
Should Be Remedied" will be the topic of
the next discussion in the columns of THE EVEN-two WORLD. Here's a chance to point out de-
sired reforms, national, municipal, political,
commercial, social, etc. All communications
should be made brief and pithy and addressed to
"Nuisance Editor," THE EVENING WORLD.

OUR AUTOGRAPH COLLECTION.

A little girl in De Kalb County, Ga., rejoices
in the name of Susan Julia Melinda Maria Savannah
Sophia Elizabeth Lady-Bug Towners.A London physician has a copy of the Bible written
in shorthand, probably the only copy in the
world. It is a volume of comparatively small size,
and the characters are exquisitely written.The late Dr. Hensler, who died the other day
after making a fortune in business, was one of the
most singular looking men on the streets of Pitts-
burg. He was extremely short, with an ab-
normally large head, and a long, white beard. He
was considered a brilliant financier, and much of
his property was due to his good judgment of in-
vestments.A merchant recently from Constantinople says
that 800,000 ounces of roses were bottled in
Turkey this summer. The greater part of this
product is shipped to France, and that which
reaches America is said in many cases to have been
distilled by shrewd Yankee merchants, who buy the
stuff direct from Bulgaria and mix an inferior oil
with it.

CRUISE'S TERRIBLE BURNS.

Thomas Glynn on Trial on a Charge of Un-
heard-of Brutality.As one entered the court-room in which Judge
Covington was sitting to-day his nostrils were as-
saulted by an odor reminiscent of the hospital.
Sitting on a rear seat, beside a burly officer, was
a middle-aged man, pale-faced and weak in ap-
pearance, and wearing an old overcoat, which
covered a series of wounds horrible to think of.The man was Thomas Cruise, who was taken to
the Woman's Hospital, Oct. 18, 1887, dying from
fearful burns said to have resulted from the
brutality of Thomas Glynn.Cruise was a blacksmith. At one Hundred and
Sixty Street, First Avenue, Glynn, a young man,
entered the forge and took a red-hot
rod from the fire to heat his cigarette. Cruise
said, "You had better not burn my hair."
"At that," according to Cruise, "Glynn turned
and thrust the red-hot iron into my breast, setting
fire to my shirt and burning me." Cruise testified
that Glynn said: "My arms till the ground and
done its work and I felt ashamed to the street."
Glynn stated from the witness-stand that when he
saw Cruise light his cigarette Cruise joked him
about smoking cigarettes and he playfully poked
the shirt of him, not to keep him from doing it.Glynn was indicted for assault with intent to
kill, but when the evidence was all in Judge
Covington instructed the jury that there was no
greater crime proven than assault in the second
degree.

The lawyers then began their addresses to the jury.

MRS. FITZPATRICK'S BIG LITTLE BOY.

Notwithstanding Her Terrible Burns She
Is a Mother.

(SPECIAL TO THE EVENING WORLD.)

BRIDGEPORT, Conn., Nov. 20.—Mrs. Thomas
Fitzpatrick, who was so terribly burned yesterday,
is still alive, exhibiting almost unparalleled vi-
tality.Last night at 11 o'clock she gave birth to an
eight-pound baby.Dr. King, who prizes himself on curing burns,
was summoned to attend Mrs. Fitzpatrick.
The child was born in a most comfortable
as was in the power of human skill; neverthe-
less she suffered terribly.It might be said that she was a happy
little Fitzpatrick.Dr. King says this morning that he hopes to
save the life of Mrs. Fitzpatrick.

WHAT IS HADLON'S FATE?

A Bankrupt Kansas City Druggist Missing
in New York.A "secret and confidential" despatch has been
sent out from Police Headquarters asking that
diligent search be made for Frank T. Hadlon, a gray-
bearded and gray-haired man of sixty years, who
ten days ago left a Western city, presumably St.
Louis, for New York and disappeared.His friends came in and searched for him and found
his baggage at the depot.Mr. Louis, Nov. 20.—Frank Hadlon's father
and sister lived in Hadlon's drug store in the suburbs
of this city. They say he kept a drug store in
Kansas City until he burned, when he failed, and
they think his creditors are after him. He had
some domestic trouble also, and they are afraid he
has committed suicide.

EXCISE LAW SUGGESTIONS.

Mr. Gerry Wants to Have the Cases Tried
at Special Sessions.The Commissioners appointed to revise the Ex-
cise Laws met again in Part 3 of the Superior
Court this morning.Bridgman T. Gerry, President of the Society for
the Prevention of Cruelty to Children, urged var-
ious changes in the laws relating to the sale of
liquor to minors. There was, he said, an inade-
quate penalty and an inadequate method of en-
forcement.Mr. Gerry thought that it was much better to
have violations of the Excise Laws presented by
the Society of Special Sessions instead of entrusting
it to a jury in General Sessions.

ON TRIAL FOR HER LIFE.

Young Susie Hendricks Arraigned for the
Murder of Her Mother.Susie Hendricks, the colored young woman who
is supposed to have stabbed her paramour, Solomon
Johnson, at his room in the rear tenement
of the Brooklyn Hotel, was arraigned this morn-
ing at the Police Court.She was arraigned and will be defended by
William H. Butler. She is twenty-three years of
age. Johnson was twenty, and they quarreled all
the fore day, probably because Susan paid a
German waiter, had called on Susan.

JERSEY CITY NEWS.

The Name of Bacchus Was Not Powerful
Enough to Misp the Train.Christopher Johnson, of 344 Van Brunt street,
Brooklyn, a deck hand on the tug Luckhart, got
drunk and strayed into the depot of the Pennsylv-
ania Railroad at 4 o'clock this morning.He jumped on the track in front of the on-
coming train, and ordered the engineer to stop the
train. Before the latter could do so, the train
had rolled over him, and he was killed. The
engineer, who was driving the train, was not
injured, but he was badly shaken.Dr. Green's New Free Private Lecture, to
Gentlemen Only, in Chicksling Hall.Dr. Green, the eminent physician in the cure of
nervous and chronic diseases, of 15 West 14th st.,
New York, will deliver in Chicksling Hall this
(Tuesday) evening, Nov. 20, at 8 o'clock, his new
free private lecture, to gentlemen only, illustrated
by the stereopticon. This new private lecture,
"The Philosophy of Manhood," is of the utmost
importance, being upon those great questions
which are of the most vital importance to men.
Admission free, and gentlemen should not miss
this most powerful and impressive of all Dr.
Green's lectures.

A PROCESSION OF SMILES.

PHALANX OF JOKES FROM ALL POINTS OF
THE COMPASS.Delicate Penes.
(From Life.)Guide—Now, ladies and gentlemen, you wouldn't
believe it, but it's true, that these weights are to
delicate that make the difference between a blonde
and a brunette hair.Tourist (opening memorandum book)—And which
weight is the light?

Guide—The lighter one.

Why She Was a Heroine.

(From the Detroit Free Press.)

We were running down from Charleston to Se-
vannah, and the train was humming along at high
speed when the danger signal bell began to ring.
The passengers piled out to see what was the
trouble, and we soon discovered that a cutover
around the short curve had been very busy by his
white sprig, and of course we all looked upon her as a
heroine."When did you discover that the cut-
over was gone?" I asked.

"Just about half an hour ago,"

"And your first thought was to stop the train?"

"Yes, sir," she said. "Well, you are a
brave woman. We owe our lives to you." "Does
anybody else think of that?" "But you stopped
the train?" "Yes, sir," she said. "I was the only
one to get off the track and go plunging into my
cotton patch and 'frown' not water all over the
place. That's why I stopped the train, sir."

Waiting for the Election Returns.

(From the Chicago Tribune.)

"It was 8 o'clock when you came in this morn-
ing, Abigail," remarked Mr. Hambo."Couldn't get home any sooner, Nancy," ex-
plained Mr. Hambo, as he applied a fresh bandage
to the wound on her forehead.

"You had better get out of the house for election returns."

"But the election took place nearly a week
ago.""I know it did, Nancy, but there are several
counties in Texas that haven't been heard from
yet. You have no idea, Nancy," continued Mr.
Hambo, "that the people who are constantly with
the judge's unjust suspicions, 'how much depends
on getting the full return from the back townships of
Texas this year.'"

The Result.

(From the Courier.)

Impetuous Fashionable (meeting old friend in
the street)—Oh, Cousin, how do you do? I
didn't know you hadn't seen your sister your
brilliant wedding. Of course the Countess is with
you.

Countess—No; I left him in Italy.

Friend—I hope you had a good time there. His
sister—Well, you see, it took all my money to
pay his debts on it, but a friend told me the money
was still there. By the way, you can do me
great service.

Friend (warily)—Certainly. What is it?

Countess—Give me some sewing to do.

Great Assistance.

(From Harper's Bazar.)

"This paper, the Housekeeper's Friend, is just
splendid," said Mrs. Newberry.The menu in it is a great help. For instance, it recom-
mends for my dinner, 'a cold roast of beef, with
most best, mashed potatoes, spinach, apple pie,
and coffee.' Now, I know that John doesn't care
for cold roast of beef, so I have substituted
tomato soup and salmon. Then, I don't like roast
beef, so I have substituted a cold roast of beef.
The mashed potatoes, coffee and spinach
we have according to the menu, and you see here's
the dinner. It's a elegant meal."

An Unfinished Look.

(From Harper's Bazar.)

Mrs. Worthwell of Murray Hill, has just
moved into a new house. The parlor is beautifully
fitted with the most expensive specimens of the
upholsterer's art, and has a polished oak floor, only
partly covered by a few choice Eastern rugs.
The room is a masterpiece of the upholsterer's art,
and is a masterpiece of the upholsterer's art.

Drawing the Color Line.

(From the Detroit Journal.)

"What is a green-grocer, papa?" asked Jones's
youngest son as the two passed a Woodward ave-
nue store this morning.The father, a well-dressed man, is one who ad-
vances to sell thirteen pounds of 10-cent sugar for a
dollar, and then trusts the customer to be paid in
the nick of time.The boy, a small, dark, and very fat, the green
grocer goes over this greenness if he lives.

What She Didn't Want.

(From Harper's Bazar.)

"George," said the fussy young girl, "I believe
thoroughly that I shall like to have a new dress."
I don't want you to make. There's a French cor-
set that is much talked about in the papers, and
I want to see if you now that I will wear one."All right, dear," says George, "I'll get you a
gold ring with a sapphire set in it."

Crested.

(From the Courier.)

"How are my cousins, Algernon, dear?"

"Excellent!" echoed the young husband, as one
fell on the floor with a thud of the "dell, scull,
scull" variety. "Well, as biscuits, they are fail-
ure, but if you'll give me a few I'll take them
to my office and use them for paper-weights."

A Compact of Reform.

(From the Chicago Tribune.)

"Swackhammer, why don't you give up that
abominable habit of cigarette smoking?""I'm afraid I can't," replied the young man, "but
I'll try to do it if you will give me a few more
cigarettes.""I'm afraid I can't," replied the young man, "but
I'll try to do it if you will give me a few more
cigarettes."

A Man's Agent.

(From the Boston Transcript.)

"What are you doing, papa?" asked a young
man, who was looking at a picture of a man."I'm doing nothing," replied the man, "but I'm
looking at a picture of a man.""What are you doing, papa?" asked a young
man, who was looking at a picture of a man."I'm doing nothing," replied the man, "but I'm
looking at a picture of a man."

A Pleading View at Education.

(From the Boston Transcript.)

One of the leading colleges has resolved to dis-
pense with a "class yell" next year. An institu-
tion of learning that will thus aim a deadly blow
at the higher education of our youth does not deserve
the patronage of the American people.

On the Elevated.

(From the Courier.)

"How damp this car is, George."

"It is probably due to the excessive amount of
water in the stock, my dear."

A Wanted Teacher.

(From the Chicago Tribune.)

"Does nobody want to be waked up early to-
morrow?""No," replied a party, "I have such a
snooze that I can't sleep."

Infallible Cure for a Cold.

(From the Chicago Tribune.)

The moment you feel that you have taken cold,
which your throat or your head will quickly inform
you, you should at once take a few drops of
this medicine, and you will find that it will cure
you in a few days.

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